ther's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*:)this 'tis to bee marryed; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am; I will now take the Leacher; hee is at my houſe; hee cannot ſcape mee; 'tis impoſſible hee ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, not into a Pepper-Boxe. But leſt the Diuell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to bee what I would not, ſhall not make me tame; If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with mee, ile bee horne-mad. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Euens:*

*Miſ Page.* Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

*Qui.* Sure hee is by this; or will bee preſently; but truely hee is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

*Miſ. Page.* Ile be with her by and by; ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole; looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

*Euans.* No, Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

*Qui.* 'Bleſſing of his heart.

*Miſ. Page.* Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke; I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

*Euans.* Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

*Miſ. Page.* Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

*Euans. William*, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

*Will.* Two.

*Qui.*